

An Ordinary Life

Anne Clark

The madman looked inside the eyes of the face upon the mirror
"It seems I'm losing my way again" he sighed.
And once again the tell-tale tears begin their journey down
An ever deepening track.

His wife place a hand upon his shoulder.
How over these past few months, he's aged so many years.
He'd give this life to live again.
He'd be so more daring. Be so much bolder
But a little less aware.
It's something of which he can't
Be certain and so he stays restrained and hurting.

At breakfast he places a kiss upon his only daughter.
How he longs for her to run to them as she did when
She was young, but her secrets have become her fears too.
Yet still she remains his child.
His still-
pretty wife manages so well. Makes excuses for his absence.
Tries so hard to find the road he's on.

The madman combs his hair, his expression has returned
Almost to normal and he blends almost perfectly with the crowd.

Back into an ordinary life.
An ordinary life.